WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

VOL. IV.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1806. No. 29.

THE HOTTENTOT BOY.

WHEN, before the late Peace of Amiens, the English were in possesion of the Cape of Good Hope, I was one of a number of officers who accompanied the general in an excursion through the settlement, in which we saw some things which excited our admiration, and many things that disgusted us. Among the former were the great waggons, in which the Dutch Farmers, who are distant from Cape Town, perform their long journeys; living entirely in them, and sleeping also at night; while the slaves find shelter under them; and the cattle graze beside, in spots chosen for the purpose, to rest in when evening draws on. They will yoke ten or twelve pair of horses or oxen to one of these vehicles; and it is surprising to see the dexterity of the two slaves who sit in front of the waggon; one holding the reins, and the other exercising a prodigious whip, which they are so expert in the use of, as to touch any part of the body of the cattle they please, even to striking a fly. It is very interesting to a stranger, to see these clumsy vehicles, and a great number of cattle, forced along without any regard to obstacles, at full speed, over precipices, and through rough roads, in perfect safety. But on the other hand, the means made use of to render the cattle thus manageable, are revolting to humanity. We were affected with mingled sensations of horror and compassion, to see the boor, or farmer, when the cattle seem to sink under fatigue, draw out a great knife, and score lines upon their flesh; and sometimes, in his fury, cut off complete slices. It is grevious to see the poor animals shudder, as well aware of their cruel master's intentions, when he gets out of the waggon in a rage, and whets his knife on the wheels for the above cruel purpose. They turn on each side, and shun as far as the harness permits, to avoid their tormentor. This reminded us of the instruments of torture we found on taking possession of the Cape, and which were all destroyed by the English Governor, as a disgrace to human nature.

Another subject which excited much disgust, was the contempt the Dutch entertain for the poor Hottentots, whom they scarcely hold in the rank of human beings. If you ask any question concerning them, of a Dutch boor, he thinks the subject too contemptible to converse about. We, however, formed a regiment of seven hundred Hottentots, who were, for the most part, fine, active, fellows, capable of excellent discipline; and when employed, manifested obedience and courage, which did equal honor to themselves and their instructors.

Full of the impressions which these scenes were calculated to produce, we entered the house of a Dutch Farmer, when our attention was presently engaged by an interesting Hottentot Boy of eight years of age, who sat on a table at the farther end of the room; struck with the splendid glare of the dress of so many officers as had entered the house, a faint smile was diffused over his sickly features; and, on a nearer approach, we discovered a large iron ring, of ten or twelve pounds weight, rivetted round the middle of each leg, which was deeply indented by the rings, partly from their tightness, and partly, as we afterwards found, from the length of time since the punishment was inflicted, so that the flesh had almost grown over them. While our hearts sickened at the sight, our indignation and pity at once connected the scene before us, with the treatment we had been witness to, of the cattle and slaves in our excursion. Restraining these emotions, however, as much as possible, the general, standing beside the Boy, calmly demanded of the farmer, the reason of the child appearing in that situation. "To punish the villain for his carelessness." "What carelessness could such a child be possibly guilty of, that could merit such a severe punishment?" says the general. "Severe! he ought to have his flesh gashed, and the wounds dressed with salt and vinegar." "What was his crime?" "I sent him to take care of the sheep, and he suffered some of them to wander, and they were lost." That was, indeed, an unpardonable crime. How old is he?" "The rascal is almost eight years old."—"And how long has he undergone this punishment?" "Two years." "You consider the Hottentots then, as possessed of very extraordinary talents. There are few children in Eu-

rope, or, I should apprehend, among your own or our countrymen here, who could keep a large flock of sheep on widely-extended heaths and wilds, at six years of age." "Talents! they are scarcely equal to the cattle, and must be rendered tractable and useful the same way." "The way in which both are disciplined, is pretty severe, as we have observed in many instances. But however plain it may appear to you, I cannot so easily reconcile your countrymen's way of considering the natives as hardly partaking of our common nature, (certainly very far behind us in acquired advantages, such as civilization, cultivation &c.) and yet expecting from them a degree of sagacity and conduct, beyond the best cultivated nations upon earth, as you have done with respect to this poor Hottentot Boy. But avarice bars every avenue to the admission of fair and just conclusions; and I find no difficulty in conceiving how it should obliterate every idea of mercy. I am more at a loss to assign a cause for your losing two years services of one who, according to your account, might, and ought, to have rendered so many in the time." "As to that, I found my account in the effect such an example had upon my other slaves; who, having such an instance of the consequence of neglecting their duty constantly before their eyes, were taught the fear of offending; and the seeming loss of this boy's work has been more than made up to me." "A just conclusion, no doubt; and you will not, I apprehhend, think it an improbable supposition on my part, that the beneficial effect will long remain, and that there is no danger of its being speedily forgotten by your slaves. You will, therefore, I hope, find no difficulty in complying with my request, that an end be put to this child's sufferings; and that it will not be thought unreasonable, if I myself take care to see it duly executed; for which purpose, you will harness one of your waggons, and convey him, just as he is, to the camp, whither I, and my brother officers, will accompany you, to be witnesses of his deliverance from his torments, and guardians of his future liberty: and as we shall make three days journey of it, there will be no need of stimulating the cattle by any of those cruel means which we have been too often spectators of, in this excursion."

(To be concluded in our next.)

SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR
THE VISITOR.

A LOVER'S LAMENTATION.

The following admirable burlesque on the German pantomical tragi-comedy, is extracted from *the Rovers*, a mock tragedy, published in a periodical print, in the year 1800.

Scene a prison. Sung by Rogero in chains.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true,
Who studied with me at the *U-*
niversity of Gottingen.
niversity of Gottingen.

Weeps and pulls out a blue handkerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds:

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda *then* was true,
At least I thought so, at the *U-*
niversity of Gottingen.

(At the conclusion of this, Rogero clanks his chains in concert.)

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift ye flew,
Her neat post waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view,
Forlorn I languish'd at the *U-*
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
My years are many—they were few,
When first I entered at the *U-*
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! Sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my *tutor, law professor, of the U-*
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world adieu!
That kings and priests are plotting in,
Here doom'd to starve on water gruel, never more shall I see the *U-*
niversity of Gottingen.
niversity of Gottingen.

(During the last Stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops—the music continues to play, till it is wholly fallen.)

LONDON.

The various occupations assigned to the different sexes, in the metropolis, are now so preposterously absurd, that a reformation is become absolutely necessary. It is no uncommon thing to see men employed in the most effeminate branches of art and commerce; the artificial florist, and the man-milliner, are the most conspicuous in this class of innovators. Who that has feeling can endure the sight of young and artless females employed at all seasons, and in all weathers, to carry the banbox from morning till night; exposed to the insolence of street libertines, and the perils of vicious example displayed by their abandoned associates, while, with unwet feet, the perfumed coxcomb measures the ribbon at home; or folds the gauze, as he lisps fine phrases to females of distinction! Even in our domestic establishment, the powdered lackey wastes his day in idleness, swings with listless pampered ease behind the gaudy vehicle, or waits in the halls of ceremony, to usher in the morning visitor; while the laborious female is employed in washing, scrubbing, and other domestic toil! How is man degenerated! How much superior are the women of Britain at this period to the effeminized race of modern *petit-maitres*.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S COMMON PLACE-BOOK.

Bright as thine eye, be each returning day,
And moments, glowing as thy rosy bloom;
New gems of hope still budding thro' thy way,
With rays of light, life's dreary path illume.

On thee the sun of social love shall shine,
And ev'ry white wing'd hour more gently flee;
Yet should an hour of sorrow e'er be thine,
The heart that fondly loves, will share with thee.

As youth flies on, and years decay,
And wanning life with time must die,
Thine, like an eve of cloudless day,
Will beam new morn in yonder sky.

LAURA.

CAUSE OF GOOD WRITERS. Does wealth make them? No, never! but poverty, as THEOCRITUS says; and the observation is true: poverty alone gives to arts. She is the mistress of toil, and the cause of every thing that is praise worthy.

PARODY OF GRAY'S ODE ON THE SPRING.

BY A MAN OF FASHION.

From a New Work called

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED.

Just published by J. Osborne, Bookseller and Librarian, No. 13. Park.

LO! where the party-giving dames,
Fair Fashion's train appear;
Disclose the long-expected games,
And wake the modish year:
The opera-warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the actor's note,
The dear-bought harmony of Spring;
While, beaming pleasure as they fly,
Bright flambeaus through the murky sky
Their welcome fragrance fling.

Where'er the rout's full myriads close
the Staircase and the door,
Where'er thick files of belles and beaus
Perspire through ev'ry pore:
Beside some faro-table's brink,
With me the muse shall *stand* and think,
(Hemm'd sweetly in by squeeze of state,)
How vast the comfort of the crowd,
How condescending are the proud,
How happy are the great.

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The drays and hacks repose;
But hark, how through the vacant air
The rattling clamour glows!
The wanton Miss and rakish Blade,
Eager to join the masquerade,
Through streets and squares pursue their fun;
Home in the dusk some bashful skim;
Some, ling'ring late, their motely trim
Exhibit to the sun.

To dissipation's playful eye,
Such is the life for man;
And they that halt, and they that fly,
Should have no other plan:
Alike the busy and the gay
Should sport all night till break of day,
In Fashion's varying colours drest;
Till seiz'd for debt through rude mischance
Or chill'd by age, they leave the dance,
In jail or dust—to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low,
Some sober quiz reply,
Poor child of Folly, what art thou?
A Bond Street butterfly!
Thy choice nor Health nor Nature greets,
No taste hast thou of vernal sweets,
Enslav'd by noise, and dress, and play:
Ere thou art to the country flown,
The sun will scorch, the Spring be gone,
Then leave the town in May.

EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

THE fair sex appear also on their part to set all limits and restraints at defiance. They seem to feel themselves at perfect liberty to follow the prevailing mode, whatever that mode may be. The consequence is, that *modesty* is often the last thing considered by the young, and *propriety* as completely neglected by the old. And this latter circumstance may serve to account in some measure, for the little respect which is said to be paid to *age* in the Fashionable World. To judge from the histories of all nations, it seems impossible that length of years, if accompanied with those characteristics which denote, and become it, should not excite spontaneous veneration. But if the shrivelled arm must be bound in ribbands and bracelets, if the withered limbs must be wrapped in muslins and gauzes, and the wrinkled face be decorated with ringlets and furbelows, the silly veteran waves the privilege of her years; and since she disgusts the grave, without charming the gay, she must not be surprised if she meets with respect from neither.

JULIET.

* * * * SHE was sitting at the head of his grave—and the grass was beginning to look green upon the turf round the stone, where her tears usually fell—She had not observed me, and I stood still—"Thou hast left me, Fidelio," said she, bending her face down to the turf—"thou hast left me: but it was to attend a dearer call—I will not weep," wiping her eyes with her handkerchief—"I will not weep, for it was the call of one who loved thee better. Thou hast flown to his bosom—and what hast thou left behind thee for thy poor Juliet, but this cold sod?"—She was silent for some moments. The full moon was just beginning to climb over the tops of the trees as I came up; and as she stooped to kiss the turf, I saw the tears trickling through the moon beams in hasty drops from her eyes—"Thou hast left me," said Juliet, raising her face from the grave—"but we shall meet again—I shall see thy face again, and hear thee speak; and then we shall part no more." She rose cheerfully to retire. The tear was still trembling in her eye. Never, till that moment, did I behold so sweet a charm. One might read the sentence in her face, "Thou hast left me," said the tear, "but we shall meet again, and then shall part no more." said the smile—"Blessed religion," thought I—"How happy are thy children."

THE ORPHAN BOY.

MY heart bleeds for him—See along the street,
Friendless he wanders; now with hunger wild;
And now he weeps, like poor Misfortune's child,
And plucks the thorn from out his shoeless feet.
To you, ye rich I call, for I am poor;
Else would I screen his cold unsheltered head;
Oh, smile upon the lad, and give him bread,
Nor send him naked from your door:
Nor slight a tale pronounc'd with faultering breath,
His father in the distant battle fell,
With broken heart his mother sunk in death,
And he was forc'd to leave his native vale;
Forc'd o'er the rugged wiles of life to stray,
With no kind guardian to point out the way.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No two things can be so contradictory, so much at variance, as truth and falsehood; yet none are so mixed and united.

A fool is not *always* without wit; and it is when he shows wit that he is *insupportable*. His wit is like an edged tool put into the hands of a child: without it he might be harmless.

The most flattering dominion is that over *other men's minds*. What is the influence of a minister compared with that of the head of a sect.

Good sense is a feeble light, which illumines a *confined* horizon, and is sufficient to conduct *him* safely, *whose views do not extend beyond it*.

A women, among, savages, is a beast of burden; in the east, a piece of furniture; and in Europe a spoiled child.

THE CRIMINAL.

TALK not to him of better days. Can all the drops of heaven restore to vegetation a withered tree? Can the shrouded corpse feel pride in the gay trappings of the living? The hollow moanings of the wind; the thickest glooms of night are more congenial to the miserable.—Rejoice, ye light-hearted; because innocent, rejoice! The flowery way, the sunny path, the smilingly-inviting perspective are yours.—But the remorse-struck, broken-hearted criminal, can only view about him the pall, the winding sheet, the coffin, and the grave.

FEELING AND FORTITUDE.

THE man blessed with a feeling heart, yet deprived of a firm mind, like the precious, but pliant, full-eared corn, bends at every pressure, is the sport of every breath: the callous-hearted man, whatever be his mental endowments, resembles the colossal, marble column; we admire its strength and shape; but, from its cold touch, and shelterless capital, we turn to the leafy bower, and to the warm cottage. He, alone, is perfect in his nature, whose energies of mind are tempered by the softer feelings; he then receives, uncorrupted, the sun of prosperity; and though often exposed to, is never borne down by, the blast of adverse fortune; he bears about him, for himself, and for others, every flower that sweetens the path of life—every fruit that invigorates him cheerfully.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST DESPAIR.

WHAT! because a favourite object you doated upon, is withheld from you, are you tamely to resign yourself to despair? Is every other bliss withheld?—Foolish man! thus to disregard nature's numerous gifts, to turn from the many enjoyments to which, *as a man*, she invites thee.—See, the sun shines upon thee; round the wide horizon, nature smiling, displays her munificence.—With health, youth, and strength, what else is wanting to complete happiness, but a guiltless conscience, and a mind unseduced by the pageantry of wealth:—If you possess these, why would you repine?—Ah, unless you are a mere slave to an unworthy affection; unless your childish heart rejects every other delight, because one single object is removed from your grasp, pleasure and happiness are your own, from the moment you will have it.

MAN!

STRANGE compound of good and evil, so interwoven—in whom, self is often so contradictory?—where extremes doth touch!—in whom blind *fanaticism* rivals in splendour the deeds of enlightened *heroism*. O man!—where end thy vices?—where do thy virtues begin?—Nay, what are thy vices, if sanctified by the motives of virtue?—what thy virtues, if they lead to the commission of crimes? Who then, shall pronounce on their merit, if reason bewilders, if instinct mistakes its aim, and if deluded conscience is mute, when her voice should the loulder call on thee?

PRESENT PARISIAN FASHIONS.

"ABOUT two hundred years ago, the Parisians dined at mid-day: at present, the artisan dines at two; the considerable merchant at three; the clerk at four; the new man, who has become rich, the speculator and the banker, at five; the minister, the legislator, and the rich bachelor, at six; and these last usually rise from table at the hours when our ancestors went to supper. Three-fourths of Paris no longer sup; and the half of the three-fourths are forced to this practice by economy. Those who do sup, sit down at the table at eleven o'clock and go to bed, in summer, at the hour the workman rises."——

.....A new mode, a new taste, has lately been introduced: our rich men wish for something *solid*; their wives are of the same opinion; and our best coffee houses have become eating houses. By the side of the sign, which announces chocolate, tea al'Anglaise, coffee a la creme, lemonade, orgeat, &c. you read every where, *breakfasts, cold and hot*, that is to say, sausages, kidneys, wings, &c.

"Enter that parlour; see with what neatness, and how alertly you are served. It is mid-day: that is the hour of breakfast. Let us sit down a moment.—That fat man, with a short neck, is an excellent speculator; that gay carriage at the door is his. What an appetite! Four dishes already emptied! Believe me, his appetite for business is equal to his eating powers, and this insures him success: he is rich, very rich, and has been *only twice a bankrupt*.—The young man, who is at the other table, and views with such attention the furniture; who measures "the mirrors with his eye, and who weighs his fork and spoon; who then passes to the contemplation of the jewels of those at breakfast, and who has just had a peep at your watch, when you pulled it from your fob;" "Well that young man is, no doubt a thief."—"Not at all; he is accustoming himself to valuation."—"I understand you, that he may hereafter steal to more advantage."—"No, he is a pawnbroker, the proprietor of a noted shop, where he lends at fifty per cent, besides extra charges."—"And that woman, who is coming in with the young men, is she to breakfast at an eating-house?"—— "Why not?"—"Arms naked, back naked, &c. &c.—What a confidence in her manner! How impudent a look! She is certainly a—" "She is the *ci-devant* Marchioness of——, and is now only at her *third divorce*. She is with two gamblers."—"Rich, I suppose."—"What is your meaning? A week ago, they had not a *sou*; yesterday, they wallowed in gold: and, to-morrow, perhaps, they may be starving."——"But, their income, their property?"—"Is at their finger's end."—"We have breakfasted, let us go out through the room, where they drink coffee.—There are a few people—The hour for this kind of breakfast is past. Do you see that man, who dips the remains of a roll in a glass of currant water?"—"Yes: I conjecture, from his old brown coat, that his fortune was not land."—— "You are right: look back to the parlour we have just quitted; look at that rosy-faced *bon-vivant*, who, having finished the contents of the dishes heaped up before him, is dispatching his seventh kidney: that devourer of kidneys was, ten years ago, the humble *lackey* of the currant-water man. You see I am at home here; I know the frequenters of this place. I can name to you our modern Crœsuses and Aspasias. This sort of people court notoriety, their characteristic is so marked, that see them only once, and you cannot forget their features, their manners, and, above all, their language, that alone must betray them. An observer of every ridiculous absurdity, of fancies of every kind, I sometimes yield to them, for the sake of a more close examination.'

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONSUMPTION OF PROVISIONS, &c. IN THE CITY OF LONDON, ANNUALLY.

Animal Food.

The number of bullocks annually consumed in London is 110,000; of sheep and lambs, 776,000; calves, 210,000; hogs, 210,000; sucking-pigs, 60,000; beside animals of other kinds. It does not, however, give a perfect idea of the immense consumption of animal food in London, to speak only of the number of bullocks and other animals, brought to the London market; their size, and fine condition, should be seen by a stranger, to enable him to judge of its extent.

Milk.

The quantity of milk consumed in London surprises foreigners; and yet few strangers have even a suspicion of the amount of that consumption, which is not less than 6,980,000 gallons annually. The number of cows kept for this supply, is 8,500; the sum paid by the retailers of milk, to the cow-keepers, is annually 2[illegible] 833*l.* on which the retailers lay an advance of *cent. per cent.* making the cost to the inhabitants, the annual sum of 431,666*l.* Not content with this profit, the retailers add water to the milk, to the extent, on an average, of a sixth part. Although the cow-keepers do not themselves adulterate the milk, (it being the custom for the retailer to contract for the milk of a certain number of cows, which are milked by his own people) yet they are not wholly to be acquitted of the guilt; for in many of the milk-rooms, where the milk is measured from the cow-keeper to the retailer, pumps are erected for the express purpose of furnishing water for the adulteration, which is openly performed before any person who happens to be on the spot.

Vegetables and Fruit.

There are 10,000 acres of ground, near the metropolis, cultivated wholly for vegetables, and about 4,000 acres for fruit, to supply the London consumption. The sum paid at market, for vegetables, annually, is about 645,000*l.* and for fruit, about 400,000*l.* independently of the advance of the retailers, which, on an average, is more than 200*l. per cent.* making the entire cost of vegetables and fruit for the London supply upwards of 3,000,000*l.* sterling.

Wheat, Coals, Ale, and Porter, &c.

The annual consumption of wheat in London, is 700,000 quarters, each containing eight Winchester bushels; of coals, 600,000 chaldrons, 36 bushels in each chaldron; of ale and porter, 1,113, 500 barrels, each containing 36 gallons; spirituous liquors and compounds 11,146, 782 gallons; wine, 32,500 tons; butter, about 16,600,000 pounds; and of cheese, 21,100,000 pounds.

RICHES.

.....IT is asked, by pious speakers, of what value are riches?

And it is answered, by other pious speakers, "of a great deal."—How can a man give to the poor, while he is poor himself? What produceth alms but money? Verily, what does money not produce?

LOVE.

CAN you contemn all riches, and prepare to take a long journey, one that will last for life, in company with a poor man? Will you not be peevish, and lament when the roads are bad, and the ups and downs of marriage cares jolt and jostle you?—

Not if they cast me against the man I love;—for I would cleave to him for support; I would think hills and dales more pleasant with him, than a smooth, beaten way, with any other.

NOTHING appears at first sight with more innocence, more sweetness, more ingenuousness, or more complacency, than *Love*. He seems always elated, ever fascinating, and ever joyous:—We believe that happiness lives in all his smiles. But alas! Sorrow dwells with his caresses. We perceive not his barbed arrow, until we feel the fatal poison! Malicious deceitful boy! Thou only flatterest to deceive, and when thou smilest, it is but at thy own cruelty!

A Gentleman advertising for a clerk, who could bear confinement, and who had been some years in his last place. He was answered by a person who had been a number of years in the *State's Prison.*

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER,

GOING TO BE MARRIED.

YOU are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and, at length, conducted you to a safe, happy, and honourable protection, in in the very bosom of love and honour. You must be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man, who confers upon your independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity.

Moderate then, my beloved child your own private expences, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes.

I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honour and happiness, and to heaven itself, for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of fashion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling girl, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

INVECTIVE AGAINST NOVELIST GOBLIN MONGERS

O ye goblin-mongers! ye wholesale dealers in the frightful! is it not cruel to present to the imagination of a lovely female such horrid images, as skulls with the worms crawling in and out of their eyeless sockets? Is it not cruel to conjure up ghosts, murderers, magicians, faries, devils, all those things invented to murder sleep, the innocent sleep of your poor terrified readers? To conjure up haunted castles, amid thunder, lightning, and all the other dreadful operations of nature? To make a man ride with a ghost in a post-chaise and four, with, doubtless, two devils as postilions over every hedge, and

ditch, and quagmire, to be found or imagined? To depict the great devil himself taking a man up in the air by the crown of his head, as an eagle would a tortoise, to precipitate him on a rock, that he might the more expeditiously become possessed of his prey! And, lastly, to bring him to conclude the scene, as he is brought into a puppet-show, by flying away with the hero and heroine? Avaunt, ye enemies to sleep! Do not keep your fair readers tremblingly alive throughout the night, to make them look haggardly the next morning, for want of balmy rest. Does not Cicero call sleep the sweetest of the gods; and Seneca *pars humanæ melior vitæ*, the better part of human life? O ye goblin-mongers, cease then to disturb it, by the introduction of haunted castles, magic wands, murderous daggers, or poisonous, bowls!.....

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1806.

LONDON FASHIONS,
FOR MARCH.

A dress of lace striped blue muslin over an under dress of white satin. The front and bottom of the dress, trimmed with reverse of white sattin ribbon. The sleeves of white satin, very short and rather full. The bossom quite plain and trimmed, so as to correspond with the other parts of the dress. A turban of blue and white chenille. White gloves and shoes.

A dress of white satin; the train very long, and trimmed all around with small white beads, or bugles. The bosom and sleeves trimmed to correspond. The hair dressed and ornamented with a large comb. White gloves and shoes.

A close bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with black velvet.

A turban of black velvet made open, so as to admit the hair, and trimmed with gold lamina.

The hair dressed and ornamented with a wreath of orange, or other coloured flowers.

A beaver hat tied under the chin, with ribbon of the same colour.

A morning dress of thick white muslin, with hankerchief, ends fastened to the shoulders, and tied across the bossom. A bonnet of velvet or silk, turned up in front.

General Observations.—The prevailing colours are orange, blue, pink, and green. Pelisses are rapidly disappearing; they have given place to spencers and mantles, which are trimed round the bottom with broad lace. Velvet bonnets of all shapes are still much worn—For full dresses, white satin or crape, or very thin muslin over satin, are the most fashionable. The Grecian head dress still continues to be worn, but not so generally as it was last month, large combs and bandeaus, of diamonds, or pearls, or wreaths of small flowers, are the only ornaments for the head when the turbans are not worn.

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Extract of a letter from Charleston, S. C.

COOPER is playing here to full and fashionable houses. He will enrich his pocket and extend his fame. He constantly receives the most marked attentions, and his company is courted by our people of the first distinction. We envy you his acquisition; but what are we to think of the taste and liberality of Philadelphia, as evinced at his last visit?

—

Defence of the port of New-York—A bill is before the Legislature, authorizing the Governor, if in the opinion of the President of the United States the situation of our national affairs shall render it necessary, to cause to be built or procured, for the defence of the city and port of New-York, a naval armament, to consist of ten armed sloops, one floating battery, and one or more fire ships. The flotilla is estimated at

	Dolls.
The requisite heavy artillery,	54,000
Field pieces,	26,095
Ammunition,	49,340
Total.	163,935

This appropriation is made "in the confidence that such sums as shall be expended by the state, will be reimbursed by the government of the United States"

[*Alb. Gaz.*]

On Thursday evening, the Gentlemen of Mrs. Carter's Boarding-house, gave an elegant and sumptuous Ball and Supper to a number of Ladies and Gentlemen of this town. All the apartments of that superb, and adjoining mansion, were opened on that occasion; and decorated in the richest and most fanciful manner. The entries, the great spiral stair cases, &c. were covered with garlands, wreaths of flowers, and emblematic paintings, and illuminated by several hundred variegated lamps, judiciously disposed. The ball, drawing, and card rooms, were also richly furnished; and all the arrangements were in the most costly and splendid style. The company consisted of about 400 guests, the female part of which, afforded an excellent sample of the taste, elegance, and beauty, of the ladies of *Boston*. Of the gentleman present, were His Excellency Governor Strong, Rear-Admiral Coffin,* the Spanish Consul, &c. About midnight, the company adjourned from the ball and card rooms, to partake of one of the best suppers the country could afford, and furnished in all the taste and elegance of the excellent hostess.

* Appointed to succeed Sir Andrew Mitchell, on the Halifax station.

Mr. MARTIN.—The benefit of Mr. Martin will take place on Monday evening next. The bill of fare presented, is worthy the attention of every lover of the Drama, independent of a wish to serve a worthy man, and a native citizen.

As a performer, Mr. M. has ever merited and obtained, a large share of public approbation. In private life, a good reputation, and the esteem of his acquaintance, have always accompanied him. He has encountered distresses, but they arose from a too great willingness to be instrumental to the welfare of others. We hope, Mr. M. on this occasion, may witness the liberality of a generous public.

LONDON, APRIL 5.

DISPUTE WITH PRUSSIA.

An embargo was this morning laid upon all vessels in the river, bound to the Elbe, or any other of the ports in the north of Europe. Orders were also received at Sheerness yesterday, for the detention of the Baltic and Tonningen convoys, until further orders. This order was given in contemplation of a war with Prussia, in consequence of the accounts brought home by Mr. Jackson, our ate minister at Berlin. So certain

was Mr. Jackson of this result, that he stopped the Mail that was intended for the Continent, on his arrival at Harwich.

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 17.

In consequence of the dispute with Prussia, an embargo was yesterday laid upon all the vessels belonging to that power at present in this port.

Our city inspector reports the death of 13 men, 10 women, 7 boys, and 6 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last.

To Correspondents, &c.

IT is not without regret that we feel ourselves compelled to apologize for the non-insertion of BELINDA's communication: Having misplaced it, we solicit another copy.

Anecdote of "Johnson and Garrick," we have heretofore published.

Advertisements inserted in this paper on reasonable terms

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Peter Arell, to Miss Elizabeth Guest, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr Zechariah Voorhis, to Miss Eliza Tevens, both of this city.

On Thursday, the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Dr. Abraham Halsey, of Fishkill, to Miss Lugretta Green, of this city.

DIED at White Plains, in the 47th year of his age, Edward Thomas, Esq. Surrogate, Attorney at Law, and Brigader Major of the county of West Chester.

On 8th inst, after a tedious and lingering illness, Robert Morris, Esq. whose signal and important services to his country during our revolutionary struggle with Great Britain are well known throughout the United States.

MRS. TRIPLER'S WARE-ROOMS
OF FASHIONABLE MILLINERY AND FANCY-DRESSES,

NO. 80, BROADWAY.

MRS. Tripler informs her friends and the ladies in general, that in addition to her former assortment of fancy-dresses and millinery, she has just received, the Greek applique hat, which is both elegant and simple. Likewise a very elegant morning dress, and a handsome assortment of lace shawls, which articles will be opened for sale, on Monday next; at the same time she begs leave to return thanks for the very liberal encouragement she has met with since she commenced business, and hopes, by unremitting attention and endeavouring to please, she will merit a continuance of the same.

An elegant assortment of the Trafalgar muslins for sale. May 17.

THE NEW-YORK LANCASTER SCHOOL.

IT is a common complaint among Parents, that the persons who have the care of their children at school, take more scholars than they can attend to, and the complaint is founded in truth. Teachers must live: and the price of education being low, they depend for subsistence, upon the number of their pupils; the cause of this evil is to be found in the usual plan of Education, which renders it impossible for one person to discharge with fidelity, the duty of Teacher to more than a small number of children.

But there exists now in London, a school in which *one thousand* children are thoroughly instructed under the care of one Master alone It was Established by Mr JOSEPH LANCASTER, in the Borough Road, Southwark, under the patronage of many of the principal characters in Great Britain This extraordinary Institution is founded on a new system of instruction; at first it consisted of only 113 scholars, but is now extended to 1000, and is shortly to be enlarged still more. Another Institution of the same kind is established near Westminster, where a similar number are educated. A subscription is opened for the education of 10,000 poor children, on the same principle

Mr. Lancaster has published a full account of this plan, which excellent work the subscribers have in their possession.

The favourable reception which this mode of Education has met with in England, has encouraged the subscribers (one of whom has had some practice therein) in attempting to establish a school upon the same plan in which Mr. Lancaster's simple, but excellent methods will be adhered to, as nearly as circumstances will admit. The two leading principles on which the system is founded, are emulation, and the hope of reward; principles which address themselves in a peculiar manner, to the ardent temper of youth. These operative springs of action, are made to pervade the whole course of Instruction. Diligence brings its own reward, and honour is a sure attendant upon exertion: while an inflexible discipline represses disorder, the rod will be little used, as it has been proved, that the hope of winning a top, or a ball, will do what many whippings could never have effected

The school room is large, and in a healthy situation, at No. 222, Greenwich street, and as it is intended that the school shall offer advantages in respect to expence, which are not to be obtained in any other respectable school, the terms are fixed as follows:

Spelling and Reading	Per. Qr. 2 Dols.
Spelling Reading, and Writing	3 Do.
Spelling Reading, Writing Cyphering,	4 Do.
Pens and Ink	25 Cts.

N B. Rewards to a considerable amount will be distributed among the scholars, at the expense of the subscribers.

WM. PIRSSON, & CO.

New York, May 17.

BLACK JET BUTTONS,
NEW & ELEGANT TEA-TRAYS

A. & F. OGSBURY,

HAVE just received by the Adrianna from Liverpool, an assortment of TEA-TRAYS, of the newest and most elegant patterns, and of superior workmanship, from 16 to 30 dollars the set, with a great variety at lower prices. Also, an assortment of ladies BLACK JET BUTTONS.

Knives and forks, penknives, scissors, needles, spangles, tinsel trimmings, violin strings, &c. all of the first quality, and for sale wholesale and retail at their store No. 77 William Street.

May 10.

Just Published by J. Osborn, No. 13, Park,

A HANDSOME EDITION OF

AIKIN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

On a Course of English Poetry.

Prices, 1 Dollar; 1 Dollar 25 Cents; and 1 Dollar 50 Cents, in boards, sheep and calf.

COMMENDATIONS.

"A KINDER task could not have been undertaken for the benefit of the rising generation, than that of pointing out those portions of English Poetry most deserving the attention of a young lady, the characteristic excellencies and defects of each writer, and the order of reading best adapted to form a correct and unbiassed taste. The reputation of Dr. Aikin, as a judicious and impartial critic, is such as will inspire his fair pupils with respect and confidence, and the public voice will probably echo our assurance, that they could not have found a safer or more pleasing guide through the flowery paths of poesy."

AGAIN---"With regard to execution, its style is marked with the clearness, nervous conciseness, and easy elegance, of the writer."---*An. Rev. Vol. II.*

"Dr. Aikin's literary popularity is well merited. The unaffected purity of his style, the judicious precision of his taste, the benevolence of his morality, ought to endear his production to the parent and to the pupil. To the readers of English poetry, these letters will form a welcome present. They will recal to notice, and prompt a re-perusal of, many excellent and instructive pieces. They abridge the labor of the novice, by teaching where to skip. They embolden the incipient critic, who finds on consultation, his sympathies corroborated. They may prepare, what is much wanted both for foreign and domestic circulation, an Anthology of our minor poets, from which the weeds of Parnassus should be thrown aside for ever."---*Crit. Review, Third Series, Vol. I.*

"If the knowledge and taste of Dr. Aikin, in the poetry of his country, had not already been proved by various publications, these letters would alone suffice to display those qualifications, in a very favourable light. By the easiest and most judicious steps he conducts his fair pupil (whom, by the mode of address, we should suppose to be some near relation) through every class of English poetry; explaining the nature and peculiarities of each, and illustrating his remarks by the most apposite creations."

AGAIN---"Dr. Aikin's letters will doubtless have the honour of introducing many elegant females to a just acquaintance with the English poets.---*British Critic, Vol XXV.*

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter

☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14. 4f

COMMUNICATED FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

"Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape."
TATE'S *Juvenal.*

PARENT of virtue! if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O, sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd, and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away:
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O, may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever cease to let me know,
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe;
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear, that frequent flows,
From private, or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart:
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with floating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remember still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, with pomp, an idle train,
While wants unpitied pine in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies.
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do,
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps,
Dull peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attendant vanity.
Alike the foolish and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O, for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow!
When the prophetic eye survey'd,
Sion in future ashes laid!
Or, rais'd to Heaven, implor'd the bread,
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart, o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd and forgot its power to save.
O, for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow.

It comes, it fills my labouring breast.
I feel my beating heart opprest.
Oh, hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye her aspect pale!
To Heaven she turns, in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her pray'r,
And, mingling tears, they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O, God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
For ever ask the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconcious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is no romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er,
And now they part to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry.
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

POOR ELLEN.

ACROSS yon heath, so dark and dreary,
See hapless Ellen wildly roam,
Unconscious that she's sick and weary,
To seek a long deserted home.

Still her form has many a beauty,
Still her radiant eye is seen
Still her heart can feel its duty,
Still we mark her graceful mein.

Stranger! *that* Ellen I remember
Fragrant as the rose in June;
But there came a bleak November;
Ah! it nipp'd our blossom soon.

Soon the blooming rose was blighted,
Soon its sweets were flung away;
Villain man! his victim slighted,
Now a broken heart will pay.

On that spot, where early pleasures
Mark'd each moment as it flew,
Drooping Ellen sought her treasures;
But they slept beneath the yew.

Hapless parents, broken hearted,
How they mourn their hapless child!
Now she from the villain parted,
Curs'd the hour that he beguil'd.

Now her faded form reposes,
Now her heart's soft play is o'er.
Fair ones, never sigh for roses;
Lovely Ellen's bloom no more.

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